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149,681

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THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
CHABOT
ADMIRALL OF
FRANCE:

As it vvas presented by her
Majesties Servants, at the private
House in Drury Lane.

First edition

Written by { George Chapman,
and
James Shirly.

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke,
and William Cooke.

1639.

Speakers.

A Sall.
Allegre.

King.

149,681

Queene.

Treasuror.

May, 1873

Chancellor.

Admirall.

Father.

Generall.

Chabot.

Judges.

Officers.

Secretary.

Uffers.

Constable.

Courtiers.

Porter.

Guard.



THE TRAGEDIE OF PHILIP CHABOT, ADMIRALL of FRANCE.

Actus Primus.

Enter Asall, and Allegre.

Asall.

Now Phillip Chabot, Admirall of France,
The great, and onely famous Favorite
To *Francis* first of that Imperiall name,
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory,
(Duke Montmorancie, Constable of France)

Who drinke as deepe as he of the stremme Royall,
And may in little time convert the strength
To raise his spring, and blow the others fall.

Al. The world would wish it so, that will not patiently
Endure the due rise of a vertuous man.

As. If he be vertuous, what is the reason
That men affect him not, why is he lost

The Admirall of France.

Toth' generall opinion, and become
Rather their hate than love ?

A. I wonder you
Will question it, aske a ground or reason
Of men bred in this vile degenerate age ;
The most merrare not good, and it agrees not
With impious natures to allow whats honest,
Tis an offence enough to be exalted
To regall favours, great men are not safe
In their owne vice, where good men by the hand
Of Kings are planted to survey their workings ;
What man was ever fixt 'ith Sphere of honour,
And precious to his Soveraigne, whose actions,
Nay very soule was not expos'd to every
Common and base disfection ? and not onely
That which in Nature hath excuse, and in
Themselves is priviledg'd by name of frailtie,
But even Vertues are made crimes, and doom'd
Toth' fate of Treason.

Af. A bad age the while,
I aske your pardon Sir, but thinkes your judgēmēnt,
His love to Justice, and Corruptions hate
Are true and hearty ?

A. Judge your selfe by this
One argument, his hearty truth to all,
For in the heart hath anger his wisest scate,
And against unjust suites such brave anger fires him,
That when they seeke to passe his place and power,
Though mov'd; and urg'd by the other minion,
Or by his greatest friends, and even the King
Leade them to his allowance with his hand,
First given in Bill, assign'd, even then his spirit,
(In nature calme as any Summers evening)
Puts up his Whole powers like a Winters sea,
His bloud boyles over, and his heart even cracks
At the injustice, and he teares the Bill,
And would doe, were he for't to be torné in pecces.

Af. Tis brave I sweare,

The Admirall of France.

Al. Nay it is worthy your wonder
That I must tell you further, theres no Neede
In a Sunne Diall plac'd upon his steele
In such a tender posture, that doth tremble
The timely Diall being held amisse,
And will shake ever, till you hold it right
More tender than himselfe in any thing
That he concludes in Iustice for the States
For as a fever held him, hee will shake
When he is signing any things of weight,
Least humane frailty shoule misguide his justice.

Al. You have declar'd him a most noble Iusticer.

Al. He truely weighes and feeles Sir, what a charge
The subjects living are (being even their lives
Laid on the hand of power,) which abus'd
Though seene, blood flownot from the justice seate,
Tis in true fense as grievous, and horrid.

Al. It argues nothing lesse, but since your Lord
Is diversly reported for his parts,
Whats your true censure of his generall worth,
Vertue and Iudgement.

Al. As of a Picture wrought to optick reason,
That to all passers by, seemes as they move
Now woman, now a Monster, now a Divell,
And till you stand, and in a right line view it,
You cannot well judge what the maine forme is,
So men that view him but in vulgar passes
Casting but laterall, or partiall glances,
At what he is, suppose him weake, unjust,
Bloody, and monstrous, but stand free and fast,
And judge him by no more than what you know
Ingenuously, and by the right-laid line
Of truth, he truely, will all files deserve
Of wise, just, good, a man both soule and neruē.

Al. Sir, I must joyne in just beleefe with you,
But whats his rivall the Lord high Constable?

Al. As just, and well inclin'd when hee's himselfe,
Not wrought on with the counsells, and opinions

The Admirall of France.

Of other men) and the maine difference is,
The Admirall is not flexible nor wonne
To move one scruple, when he comprehends
The honest tract and justnesse of a cause,
The Constable explores not so sincerely
The course hee runnes, but takes the minde of others
(By name Iudiciall) for what his owne
Judgement, and knowledge should conclude.

Af. A fault

In my apprehension, anotheres knowledgo
Applied to my instruction, cannot equall
My owne soules knowledge, how to informē Acts;
The Sunnes rich radiance shot through waves most faire,
Is but a shaddow to his beames ith' ayre,
His beames that in the ayre we so admire,
Is but a darkenesse to his flame in fire,
In fire his fervour but as vapour flies
To what his owne pure bosome rarifies:
And the Almighty wisdom, having given
Each man within himselfe an apter light
To guide his acts, than any light without him.
(Creating nothing not in all things equall)
It seemes a fault in any that depend.
On others knowledge, and exile their owne.

Al. Tis nobly argued, and exemplified,
But now I heare my Lord, and his young rivall
Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light
May serve to guide them both.

Af. I wish it may, the King being made first mover
To forme their reconcilement, and entame it
With all the sweetnesse of his praike and honour.

Al. See, tis dispatch'd I hope, the King doth grace it.
*Loud Musickes, and Enter Vshers before, the Secretary,
Tresuror, Chancellor, Admirall, Constable hand in
hand, the King following, others attend.*

Kin. This doth expresse the noblest fruit of peace.

Cha. Which when the great begin, the humble end
In joyfull imitation, all combining

The Admirall of France.

A gardian beyond the 7 hrigian knot
Past wit to lose it, or the sword, be still so.

Tre. Tis certaine Sir, by concord least things grow
Most great, and flourishing like trees that wrap
Their forehead in the skies, may these doe so.

Kin. You heare my Lord, all that is spoke contends
To celebrate with pious vole the attonement
So lately, and so nobly made betweene you.

Ad. Which for it selfe Sir, resolve to keepe
Pure, and inviolable, needing none
To encourage or confirme it, but my owne
Love and allegiance to your sacred counsell.

Kin. Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest health,
Stand you firme on that sweete simplicitie.

Con. Past all earth pollicie that would infringe it.

Kin. Tis well, and answers all the doubts suspected.

Enter one that whispers with the Admirall.
And what moves this close message *Phillip?*

Adm. My wifes Father Sir, is closely come to Court.

King. Is he come to the Court, whose aversation
So much affects him, that he shunnes and flies it,
What's the strange reason that he will not rise
Above the middle region he was borne in?

Adm. He saith Sir, tis because the extreamē of height
Makes a man lesse seeme to the imperfect eye
Then he is truely, his acts envied more,
And though he nothing cares for seeming, so
His being just stand firme twixt heaven and him,
Yet since in his soules jealousie, hee feares
That he himselfē advanced, would undervalue
Men placed beneath him, and their businesse with him,
Since height of place oft dazles height of judgement,
He takes his toppe-saile downe in such rough stormes,
And apts his sailes to ayres more temperate.

Kin. A most wise soule he has, how long shall Kings
Raise men that are not wise till they be high?
You haue our leave, but tell him *Phillip* wee
Would have him neerer.

The French Admirall.

Con. Your desirēs attend you.

Enter another.

Kin. We know from whence you come, say to the Queen,
We were comming to her, tis a day of love
And the scales all perfection.

Exit

Tre. My Lord,
We must beseech your stay.

Con. My stay?

Cha. Our Counsells

Have led you thus farre to your reconcilement,
And must remember you, to observe the end
At which in plaine I told you then wee aim'd at,
You know we all urg'd the attonement, rather
To enforce the broader difference bet weene you,
Then to conclude your friendshipp, which wise men
Know to be fashionable, and priviledg'd pollicie,
And will succeede betwixt you, and the Admirall
As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd
A fute now to the King with all our hands,
Which will so much increase his precise justice,
That weighing not circumstancials of politike State,
He will instantly oppose it, and complaine,
And urge in passion, what the King will sooner
Punish than yeeld too, and so render you
In the Kings frowne on him, the onely darling;
And mediate power of *France*.

Con. My good Lord Chancellor,
Shall I so late atton'd, and by the Kings
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in peeces?

Cha. Tis he, not you that breakē.

Tre. Ha not you patience

To let him burne himselfe in the Kings flame?

Cha. Come, be not Sir infected with a spice
Of that too servile equitie, that renders
Men free borne slaves, and rid with bits like horses,
When you must know my Lord, that even in nature
A man is *Animall politicum*,
So that when he informes his actions simply

The Admirall of France.

He does in both 'gainst pollicie and nature,
And therefore our soule motion is affirm'd
To be like heavenly natures circular,
And circles being call'd ambitious lines,
We must like them become ambitious ever,
And endles in our circumventions;
No tough hides limiting our cheverill mindes

Tis learnedly, and past all answer argued,
Yare great, and must grow greater still, and greater,
And not be like a dull and standing lake,
That settles, putrifies, and chokes with mudde,
But like a river gushing from the head,
That windes through the undervailes, what checkes ore flow-
Gets strength still of his course, (ing)
Till with the Ocean meeting, even with him
In sway, and title, his brave billowes move.

Con. You speake a rare affection, and high soules,
But give me leave great Lords, still my just thanks
Remembred to your counsells and direction,
I seeking this way to confirme my selfe
I undermine the columnes that support
My hopefull glorious fortune, and at once
Provoke the tempest, though did drowne my envie,
With what assurance shall the King expect
My faith to him, that breake it for another,
He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge
Forfits my trust with him, whose narrow sight
Will penetrate through all our mists, could we
Vaile our designe with clouds blacker than night;
But grant this danger over, with what Iustice,
Or satisfaction to the inward Iudge,
Shall I be gultie of this good mans ruine,
Though I may still the murmuring tongues without me,
Loud conscience has a voyce to shudder greatnesse.

Secr. A name to fright, and terrifie young statists,
There is necessitie my Lord, that you
Must lose your light, if you eccliple not him,
Two starres so Lucide cannot shine at once

The Admirall of Fransse.

In such a firmament, and better you
Extinguish his fires, then be made his fuell,
And in your ashes give his flame a Trophy.

Cha. My Lord, the league that you have vow'd of friend-
In a true understanding not confines you, (ship,
But makes you boundlesse, turne not edge at such
A liberty, but looke to your owne fortune ;
Secure your honour, a Precisian,
In state, is a rideculous miracle
Friendship is but a visor, beneath which
A wise man laughes to see whole families
Ruinde, upon whose miserable pile
He mounts to glory, Sir you must resolve
To use any advantage.

Con. Misery.
Of rising Statesmen I must on, I see
That 'gainst the politicke, and priviledg'd fashion,
All justice tastes but affectation.

Cha. Why so? we shall do good on him ith' end. *Exeunt.*
Enter Father and the Admirall.

Adm. You are most welcome.

Fa. I wish your Lordships safetie,
Which whilst I pray for, I must not forget-
To urge agen the wayes to fixe you where
No danger has accessse to threaten you.

Adm. Still your old argument, I owe your love fort.

Fa. But fortified with new and pregnant reasons,
That you should leave the Court.

Ad. I dare not Sir.

Fa. You dare be undone then.

Ad. I should be ingratefull
To such a master, as no subject boasted
To leaye his service when they exact
My chiefest dutie, and attendance Sir.

Fa. Would thou were lesse degraded from thy titles,
And swelling offices, that will ith' end
Engulfe thee past rescue, I had not come
So farre to trouble you at this time, but that
I doe not like the loud tonges o'the world,

Tha.

The Admirall of France.

That say the King has tane another favorite,
The Constable a gay man, and a great,
With a hugh traine of faction too, the Queen,
Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary, and
An army of state warriers, whose discipline
Is sure, and subtile to confusion,
I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calme.

Adm. Report has not abus'd you Sir.

Fa. It has not,
And you are pleas'd, then you doe meane to mixe
With unjust courses, the great Constable
And you combining, that no suite may passe
One of the graples of your either's rape,
I that abhor'd, must I now entertaine
A thought, that your so straight, and simple custome
To render Iustice, and the common good,
Should now be patch'd with pollicy, and wrested
From the ingenious step you tooke,
And hang
Vpon the shoulders of your enemy
To beare you out in what you shame to act?

Adm. Sir, We both are reconciled.

Fa. It followes then that both the acts must beare
Like reconcilement, and if hee will now
Maligne and mallice you for crossing him
Or any of his faction in their suites,
Being now atton'd, you must be one in all,
One in corruption, and twixt you two millstones
New pickt, and put together, must the graine
Of good mens needfull meanes to live, be ground
Into your choking superfluities;
You both too rich, they ruinde.

Adm. I conceive Sir

Wee both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes
Even with our places in our Soveraignes favour:
Though past the height of others, yet within
The rules of Law and Iustice, and approove
Our actions white and innocent.

The Admirall of France.

Fa. I doubt it
While inforc'd shew perhaps, which will I feare
Prove in true substance but a Millers whitenesse,
More sticking in your clothes then conscience.

Adm. Your censure herein tast some passion Sir,
And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,
Then to imagine that the Kings mere grace
Sustaines such prejudice by those it honours;
That of necessitie we must pervert it
With passionate enemes, and ambitious boundlesse
Avarice, and every licence incident
To fortunate greatness, and that all abuse it
For the most impious avarice of some.

Fa. As if the totall summe of favorites frailties
Affected not the full rule of their Kings
In their owne partially disposed ambitions,
And that Kings doe no hazard infinitely
In their free realties of rights and honours,
Where they leave much for favourites powers to order.

Adm. But wee have such a master of our King
In the Imperiall art, that no power flies
Out of his favour, but his policie ties
A criance to it, to containe it still,
And for the reconcilement of us Sir,
Never were two in favour, that were more,
One in all love of Iustice, and true honour,
Though in the act and prosecution
Pehaps we differ. Howsoever yet
One beame us both creating, what should let
That both our soules should both one mettle beare,
And that one stampe, one word, one character.

Fa. I could almost be won to be a Courtier,
Theres some thing more in's composition,
Then everyet was favourites.

Enter a Courtier.

Whats hee?

Court. I bring your Lordship a sign'd bill, to have
The addition of your honor'd hand, the counsell

Have

The Admirall of France.

Have all before subscribed, and full prepar'd it.

Ad. It seemes then they have weigh'd the importance of it,
And know the grant is just.

Cour. No doubt my Lord,
Or else they take therein the Constables word,
It being his suite, and his power having wrought
The King already to appose his hand.

Adm. I doe not like his working of the King,
For if it be a suite made knowne to him,
And fit to passe, he wrought himselfe to it,
However my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'le know and censure it my selfe.

Cour. A he, if thou beest goddesse of contention
That *Love* tooke by the haire, and hurl'd from heaven
A flume in earth thy empire, and this bill
Thy firebrand make to turne his love, thus tempted
Into a hate, as horrid as thy furies.

Adm. Does this beare title of his Lordships suite?

Cour. It does my Lord, and therefore he beseech'd
The rather your dispatch.

Adm. No thought the rather,
But now the rather all powers against it,
The suite being most injust, and he pretending
In all his actions justice, on the sudden
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile, and if the King himselfe
Should owne and urge it, I would stay and crosse it,
For tis within the free power of my office,
And I should straine his kingdome if I past it,
I see their poore attempts, and giddy malice;
Is this the reconcilement that so lately
He vow'd in sacred witnesse of the King?
Assuring me, he never more would offer
To passe a suite unjust, which I well know
This is, above all, and have often beene urg'd
To give it passage, be you Sir the Judge.

Fa. I wlonot meddle
With any thing of state, you knew long since.

The Admirall of France.

Adm. Yet you may heare it Sir.

Fa. You wonot urge
My opinion then, go to.

Adm. An honest merchant

Presuming on our league of *France* with *Spaine*,
Brought into *Spaine* a wealthy ship, to vent
Her fit commodities to serve the country,
Which, in the place of suffering their failé
Were seas'd to recompence a *Spanish* ship
Priz'd by a *French* man, ere the league was made,
No suites, no letters of our Kings could gaine
Our merchants first right in it, but his letters
Vnreverently received, the Kings selfe scandall,
Beside the leagues breach, and the soule injustice
Done to our honest merchant, who endured all,
Till some small time since (authoris'd by our counsell,
Though not in open Court) he made a ship out,
And tooke a *Spaniard*, brings all home, and sues
To gaine his full prov'd losse, full recompence
Of his just prize, his prize is staid and ceaz'd,
Yet for the Kings disposure, and the *Spaniard*
Makes suite to be restor'd her, which this bill
Would fine get granted, faining (as they hop'd)
With my allowance, and way given to make
Our Countrey mans in *Spaine* their absolute prize.

Fa. Twere absolute injustice.

Adm. Should I passe it.

Fa. Passe life, and state before.

Adm. If this would seeme

His Lordships suite, his love to me, and justice
Including plots upon me, while my simplenesse
Is seriously vow'd to reconcilement ;
Love him good vulgars, and abhorre me still,
For if I court your flatterie with my crimes,
Heavens love before me fly, till in my tombe
I sticke pursuing it, and for this bill,
Thus say twas shiver'd, blesse us equall heaven !

Fa. This could I cherish, now above his losse,

Exit.

You

Actus Secundus.

Enter King and Queen, Secretary with the Torne bill.

Kin. I sitene so.

Q^re. Good heaven how tame you are?

Doe Kings of France reward foule Traitors thus?

Kin. No Traitor, y'are too loude, *Chabots* no Traitor,
He has the passions of a man about him,
And multiplicite of cares may make
Wise men forget themselves, come be you patient.

Qu. Can you be so, and see your selfe thus torne?

Kin. Our selfe:

Qu. There is some leſt, if you dare owne,
Your royll character, is not this your name?

Kin. Tis *Francis* I confesse.

Qu. Be but a name

If this staine live upon't, affrontēd, by
Your ſubject, ſhall the ſacred name of King,
A word to make your nation bow and tremble,
Be thus profain'd, are lawes establish'd
To puniſh the defacers of your image,
But dully ſet by the rude hand of others
Upon your coine, and ſhall the character
That doth include the bleſſing of all *France*,
Your name, thus written by your royll hand
Design'd for Justice, and your Kingdomeſ honour,
Not call up equall anger to reward it?
Your Counſellors of ſtate contemn'd, and slighted
As in this braine more circumſcrib'd all wifedome,
And pollicy of Empire, and your power,
Subordinate and ſubject to his paſſion.

Kin. Come, it concerneſ you not.

Qu. Is this the conſequeneſe
Of an attonement made to lately betweene

The French Admirall,

The hopefull Mountmorencie, and his Lordship
Vrge by your selfe with such a precious sanction;
Come, he that dares doe this, wants not a heart,
But opportunitie.

Kin. To doe what?

Qu. To teare your crowne off.

Kin. Come your language doth taste more
Of rage and womanish flame than solid reason
Against the Admirall, what commands of yours
Not to your expectation, obey'd
By him, is ground of your so keene displeasure?

Qu. Commands of mine? he is too great, and powerfull
To stoope to my employment, a *Colossus*,
And can stride from one Province to another
By the assistance of those offices
You have most confidently impos'd upon him,
Tis he, not you take up the peoples eyes
And admiration, while his Princely wife.

Kin. Nay then I reach the spring of your distaste,
He has a wife, —

Enter Chancellor, Treasurer, and whisper with the King.

Qu. Whom for her pride I love not,
And I but in her husbands ruine
Can triumph ore her greatnessse.

King. Well, well, Ile thinke on't: *Exit.*

Cha. He beginnes to incline,
Madam you are the soule of our great worke.

Qu. Ile follow, and employ my powers upon him.

Tre. We are confident you will prevaile at last,
And for the pious worke oblige the King to you.

Cha. And us your humblest creatures.

Qu. Presse no further.

Exit. Qu.

Cha. Lets seeke out my Lord Constable.

Tre. And inflame him.

Cha. To expostulate with *Chabot*, something may
Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father and Allegre,

Fa. How sorte the busynesse? how tooke the King

The

The Admirall of France.

The tearing of his bill?

Al. Exceeding well,

And seem'd to smile at all their grimme complaints,
Gainst all that outrage to his highnesse hand,
And said in plaine, he sign'd it but to try
My Lords firme Iustice

Fa. What a sweete King tis?

Al. But how his rivall the Lord Constable
Is labour'd by the Chancellor, and others to retorte
His wrong with ten parts more upon my Lord,
Is monstrous?

Fa. Neede hee their spurres?

Al. I Sir, for hees afraid
To beare himselfe too boldly in his brayēs
Vpon the King (being newly entred Mynion)
Since tis but patience sometime they thinke ;
Because the favor spending in two streames,
One must runne low at length, till when he dare
Take fire in such flame, as his faction wishes,
But with wise feare containes himselfe, and so
Like a greene faggot in his kindling smoakēs,
And whēre the Chancellor his chiefe Cyclops findes
The fire within him apt to take, he blowes,
And then the faggot flames, as never more
The bellowes needed, till the too soft greenenesse
Of his state habit, shewes his sappe still flowes,
Above the solid timber, with which, then
His blaze shrinkes head, he cooles, and smoakēs agēn.

Fa. Good man he would be, wod the bad not spoile him.

Al. True sir, but they still ply him with their arts,
And as I heard have wrought him, personally
To question my Lord with all the bitternesse
The galls of all their faction can powre in,
And such an expectation hangs upon't,
Though all the Court as twere with child, and long'd
To make a mirror of my Lords cleare blood,
And therein see the full ebbe of his flood,
And therefore if you please to counsell him

The Admirall of France.

You shall performe a fathers part.

Fa. Nay since.

Hees gone so farre, I wod not have him feare
But dare e'm, and yet ile not meddle int.

Enter Admirall.

Hees here, if he have wit to like his cause,
His spirit wonot be ashame'd to die int.

Exit.

Al. My Lord retire, y'are way-laid in your walkes,
Your friendes are all fallen from you, all your servants
Suborn'd by all advantage to report
Each word you whisper out, and to serve you
With hat and knee, while other have their hearts;

Adm. Much profit may my foes make of such servants,
I love no enemy I haye so well,
To take so ill a bargaine from his hands.

Al. Their other oddes yet shun, all being combine'd
And lodg'd in ambush ariv'd to doe you mischiefe
By any meanes past feare of law, or soveraigne.

Adm. I wa'ke no desart, yet goe arm'd with that,
That would give wildest beasts instincts to rescue,
Rather then offer any force to hurt me;
My innocence is, which is a conquering justice,
As weares a shield, that both defends and fights.

All. One against all the world.

Adm. The more the oddes,
The lesse the conquest, or if all the world
Be thought an army fit to employ gainst one,
That one is argued fit to fight gainst all;
If I fall under them, this breast shall beare
Their heape digested in my sepulchre,
Death is the life of good men, let e'm come.

Enter Constable, Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary.

Con. I thought my Lord our reconcilement perfect,
You have exprest what sea of gall flow'd in you,
In tearing of the bill I sent to allow.

Adm. Dare you confess the sending of that bill?

Con. Dare, why not?

Adm. Because it breakes your oath

Made

The Admirall of France.

Made in our reconcilement, and betrayes
The honour, and the chiefe life of the King
Which is his justice.

Con. Betraies?

Adm. No lesse, and that Ile provē to him.

Omnes You cannot.

Trea. I would not wish you offer at an action
So most impossiblē, and much against
The judgement, and favour of the King.

Adm. His judgement nor his favour I respect,
So I preserve his Iustice.

Cha. Tis not Iustice,
Which Ile prove by law, and absolute learning.

Adm. All your great law, and learning are but words,
When I plead plainly, naked truth, and deēdes,
Which though you seeke to fray with state, and glory,
Ile shoote a shaft at all your globe of light,
If lightning split it, yet twas high and right.

Exit:

Con. Brave resolution so his acts be just,
He cares for gaine not honour.

Chan. How came he then
By all his infinite honour and his gaine?

Tre. Well said my Lord.

Sec. Answer but onely that.

Con. By doing justice still in all his actions.

Sec. But if this action prove unjust, will you
Say all his other may be so as well,
And thinke your owne course fitter farre than his?

Con. I will —

Cha. He cooles, we must not leave him, we have no
Such engine to remove the Admirall.

Exit:

Enter King and the Admirall.

Kin. I prethee *Philip* be not so severē
To him I favour, tis an argument
That may serve one day to availe your selfe,
Nor Does it square with your so gentle nature,
To give such fires of envie to your bloud ;
For how soeuer out of love to Iustice,

The Admirall of France.

Your Jealousie of that doth so incense you,
Yet they that censure it will say tis envy.

Adm. I serve not you for them, but for your selfe,
And that good in your Rule, that Justice does you,
And care not this what others say, so you
Please but to doe me right for what you know.

King. You will not doe your selfe right, why should I
Excede you to your selfe?

Adm. My selfe am nothing
Compar'd to what I seeke, tis justice onely
The fount and flood, both of your strength and kingdomes.

King. But who knowes not, that extreame justice is
(by all ruld lawes) the extreame of injurie,
And must to you be so, the persons that
Your passionate heate calls into question,
Are great, and many, and may wrong in you
Your rights of kinde, and dignities of fortune,
And I advanc'd you not to heape on you
Honours, and fortunes, that by strong hand now
Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off
That powerfull hand shoul'd thunder on your head,
And after you crush your surviving seedes.

Adm. Sir, your regards to both are great, and sacred,
But if the innocence, and right that rais'd me
And meanes for mine, can finde no friend hereafter
Of him that ever lives, and ever seconds
All Kings just bounties with defence, and refuge
In just mens races, let my fabricke ruine,
My stocke want sap, my branches by the roote
Be borne to death, and swept with whirlewindes out.

King. For my love no relenting.

Adm. No my leige,
Tis for your love, and right that I stand out.

King. Be better yet advis'd.

Adm. I cannot Sir
Should any Oracle become my counsell,
For that I stand not out, thus of set will,
Or pride of any singular conceite,

The Admirall of France.

My enēmies, and the world may clearely know,
I taste no sweetes to drowne in others gall,
And to affect in that which makes me loathed,
To leave my selfe and mine expos'd to all
The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours,
And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
That moyn, cares, and paines, and yeares have gather'd,
How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds,
Vnlesse my knowne health felt in these forc'd issues
Were sound, and fit, and that I did not know..
By most true proofes, that to become sincere
With all mens hates, doth farre excēde their loves,
To be as they are, mixtures of corruption ?
And that those envies that I seee pursue me
Of all true actions are the naturall consequents
Which being my object, and my resolute choise
Not for my good but yours, I will have justice.

King. You will have justice, is your will so strong
Now against mine? your power being so weake
Before my favour gave them both their forces
Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces,
You *Philip Chabot* a meane Gentleman
Have not I rais'd you to a supremest Lord,
And givēn you greater dignities than any?

Adm. You have so.

King. Well sed, and to spurre your dullnesse.
With the particulars to which I rais'd you,
Have not I made you first a Knight of the Orders,
Then Admirall of *France*, then *Count Byzanges*,
Lord, and Livetenant generall of all
My country, and command of *Burgady* ;
Livetenant generall likewise of my sonne
Daulphine, and heire, and of all *Normandy*,
And of my chiefely honor'd privy Counsell,
And cannot all these powers weigh downē your will?

Adm. No Sir, they were not given me to that end,
But to uphold my will, my will being just.

King. And who shall judge that Justice, you or I ?

The Admirall of France.

Adm. I Sir, in this case your roiall thoughts are fitly
Exempt from every curious search of one,
You have the generall charge with care of all.

Kin. And doe not generallls include particulars ?
May not I Judge of any thing compriz'd
In your particular as well as you ?

Adm. Farre be the misery from you, that you may,
My cares, paines, broken sleepe therein made more
Than yours should make me see more, and my forces
Render of better judgement.

King. Well Sir, grant
Your force in this my odds in benefits
Paid for your paines, put in the other scale,
And any equall holder of the ballance
Will shew my merits hoist up yours to aire
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.

Adm. You merit not of me for benefits
More than my selfe of you for services.

King. Iſt possible.

Adm. Tis true.

King. Stand you on that ?

Adm. I to the death and will approve to all men.

Kin. I am deceiv'd, but I shall finde good Judges
That will finde difference.

Adm. Finde them being good.

King. Still so ? what if conferring
My bounties, and your services to sound them,
We fall foule on some licences of yours,
Nay, give me therein some advantage of you.

Adm. They cannot.

King. Not in siftng their severe discharges
Of all your offices ?

Adm. The more you sift
The more you shall refine mee.

King. What if I
Grant out against you a commission
Ioyn'd with an extraordinary processs
To arrest, and put you in lawes hands for triall.

Adm.

Adm. Not with lawes uttermost.

King. Ile throw the dice.

Adm. And Ile endure the chance,
The dice being square.

Adm. Repos'd in dreadlesse confidence, and conscience,
That all your most extreames shall never reach,
Or to my life, my goodes or honours breach.

King. Was ever heard to fine a confidence ?
Must it not prove presumption, and can that
Scape brackes and errors in your search of law,
I prethee weigh yet, with more soule than danger,
And some lesse passion.

Adm. Witnesse heauen, I cannot.
Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but soule.

King. Be shrew my blood, but his resolves amaze me ;
Was ever such a Iustice in a subject,
Of so much office left to his owne swinge
That left to law thus, and his Soveraignes wrath,
Could stand cleare spight of both ? let reason rule it
Before it come at law, a man so rare
In one thing cannot in the rest be vulgar,
And who sees you not in the broad high-way
The common dust up in your owne eyes, beating
In quest of riches, honours,offices,
As heartily in shew as most beleeve,
And he that can use actions with the vulgar,
Must needes embrace the same effects, &c cannot informe him ;
Whatsoever he pretends, use them with such
Free equitie, as fits one just and reall,
Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all parts
So truly circular, so sound, and solid,
But have his swellings out, his crackes and crannies,
And therefore in this reason, before law
Take you to her, least you affect and flatter
Your selfe with mad opinions.

Adm. I were mad
Directly Sir, if I were yet to know
Not the sure danger, but the certaine ruine

The Admirall of France.

Of men shot into law from Kings bent brow,
There being no dreame from the most muddie braine
Vpon the foulest fancie, that can forge
More horroure in the shaddowes of meere fame,
Then can some Lawyer in a man expos'd
To his interpretation by the King,
But these grave toyes I shall despise in death,
And while I live will lay them open so
(My inocence laid by them) that like foiles
They shall sticke of my merits tenne times more,
And make your bounties nothing, for who gives
And hits ith teeth, himselfe payes with the glory
For which he gave, as being his end of giving,
Not to crowne merits, or doe any good,
And so no thankes is due but to his glory.

King. Tis brave I swéare.

Adm. No Sir, tis plaine, and rude
But true, and spotlesse, and where you object
My hearty, and grosse vulgar love of riches,
Titles, and honours, I did never seeke them
For any love to them, but to that justice
You ought to use in their due gift to merits,
To shew you royll, and most open handed,
Not using for hands talons, pincers, grapples;
In whose gripes, and upon whole gord point,
Deserts hang sprawling out their vertuous limbs,

King. Better and better.

Adm. This your glory is
My deserts wrought upon no wretched matter,
But shew'd your royll palmes as free, and, moist,
As *Ida*, all enchaſt with silver springs,
And yet my merit still their equall sings.

King. Sing till thou sigh thy soule out hence, and leave us.

Adm. My person shall, my love and faith shall never,

King. Perish thy love, and faith, and thee for ever;
Whose there?

Enter Asall.

Let one goe for the Chancellor.

Asal.

The Admirall of France.

Afa. He's here in Court Sir.

King. Halte and send him hither,
This is an insolence I never met with,
Can one so high as his degrees ascend,
Clime all so free, and without staine?
My Lord

Enter Chancellor.

Chancellor, I send for you about a service
Of equall price to me, as if againe.

My ransome came to me from *Pavian* thralldome,
And more, as if from forth a subjects fettters,
The worst of servitudes my life were rescued.

Cha. You fright me with a Prologue of much trouble.

King. Me thinkes it might be, tell me out of all
Your famous learning, was there ever subject
Rais'd by his Soveraignes free hand from the dust,
Vp to a height above Ayres upper region,
That might compare with him in any merit
That so advanc'd him? and not shew in that
Grosse over-weening worthy cause to thinke
Thiere might be other over-sights excepted
Of capitall nature in his fisted greatnessse.

Chan. And past question Sir, for one absurd thing granted,
A thousand follow.

King. You must then employ
Your most exact, and curious art to explore
A man in place of greatest trust, and charge,
Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,
And in whom you may give such proud veines vent,
As will bewray their boyling bloud corrupted
Both against my crowne and life.

Cha. And may my life
Be curst in every act,
If I explore him not to every finer.

King. It is my Admirall.

Cha. Oh my good Leige
You tempt, not charge me with such search of him.

King. Doubt not my heartiest meaning, all the troubles
That ever mov'd in a distracted King,

The Admirall of France.

Put in just feare of his assaulted life
Are not above my sufferings for *Chabot*.

Cha. Then I am glad, and proud that I can cure you,
For he's a man that I am studied in,
And all his offices, and if you please
To give authoritie.

King. You shall not want it.

Cha. If I discharge you not of that disease,
About your necke growne, by your strange trust in him,
With full discovery of the foulest treasons.

King. But I must have all prov'd with that free justice.

Cha. Beseech your Majestie doe not question it.

King. About it instantly, and take me wholly
Upon your selfe.

Cha. How much you grace your servant ?

King. Let it be fiery quicke.

Cha. It shall have wings,
And every feather shew the flight of Kings.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor generall whispering
in his eare. Two Judges following. They past.

Enter *Chabot* in his gowne, a gaurd about him, his father
and his wife on each side, Allegro.

Adm. And have they put my faithfull servant to the
Heaven arme the honest man. (racket,

Fa. Allegro feeles the malice of the Chancellor.

Adm. Many upon the torture have confess
Things against truth, and yet his paine sits neerer.
Than all my other feares, come don't weepe.

Wife. My Lord, I doe not grive out of a thought,
Or poore suspition, they with all their malice,
Can staine your honour, but it troubles me,
The King should grant this licence to your enemies,
As he were willing to heare *Chabot* guilty.

Adm.

The Admirall of France.

Adm. No more, the King is just, and by exposing me
To this triall, meanes to render me
More happy to his subjects, and himselfe
His sacred will be obey'd, take thy owne spirit,
And let no thought infringe thy peace for me,
I goe to have my honours all confirm'd ;
Farewell thy lip, my cause has so much innocence,
It shanot neede thy prayer, I leave her yours
Till my returne ; oh let me be a sonne
Still in your thoughts, now Gentlemen set forward. *Exit.*

Manente Father and Wife.

Fa. See you that trust in greatnessse, what sustaines you,
These hazards you must looke for, you that thrust
Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambush
The touldiers of state in privy armes
Of yellow fire jealous, and mad at all
That shoothe their foreheads up into their forges,
And pry into their gloomy Cabbinets ;
You like yaine Citizens that must goe see
Those ever burning furnaces, wherein
Your brittle glasses of estate are blowne ;
Who knowes not you are all but pufte, and bubble
Of breath, and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures
Cause of your dearenesse ? were you tough and lasting,
You would be cheape, and not worth halfe your face,
Now daughter Plannet strooke.

Wif. I am considering
What forme I shall put on, as best agreeing
With my Lords fortune.

Fa. Habit doe you meane,
Of minde or body ?

Wif. Both wod be apparell'd.

Fa. In neither you have reason yet to mourne.

Wif. Ile not accuse my heart of so much weakenesse,
Twere a confession against my Lord. *The Queene.*

Enter Queene, Constable, Treasurer, Secretary.

She has exprest 'gainst me some displeasure.

Fa. Lets this way through the Gallery.

The Admirall of France.

Qu. Tis she,
Doe you my Lord say I wod speake with her?

And has *Allegre*, one of chiefeſt trust with him
Suffered the racke? the Chancellor is violent;
And whatſt confeſt?

Tre. Nothing, he contemn'd all
That could with any cruelſt paine explore him,
As if his minde had rob'd his nerves of ſenſe,
And through them diſſuſd fiery ſpirits aboye him,
All flesh and blood; for as his limbs were ſtretch'd,
His con tempts too extended.

Qu. A ſtrange fortitude!

Tre. But we ſhall loſe th' arraignement.

Qu. The ſucceſſe
Will ſoone arrive.

Tre. Youle not appearē, my Lord then?

Con. I deſire
Your Lordſhip wod excuse me,

Tre. We are your ſervants.

Con. She attends you Madam.

Qu. This humblenesſe proceſſes not from your hēart,
Why, you are a Queene your ſelfe in your owne thoughts,
The Admirall's wife of France cannot be leſſe,
You have not ſtate enough, you ſhould not move
Without a traïne of friends and ſervants.

Wif. There is ſome myſtery
Within your language Madam, I woud hope
You have more charitie than to imagine
My preſent condiſion worth your triumph,
In which I am not ſo loſt, but I have
Some friends and ſervants with proportion
To my Lords fortune, but none within the liſt
Of thofe that obey mee can be more ready
To exprefſe their duties, than my heart to ſerve
Your juſt commands.

Qu. Then pride will eſſe I fee,
There is no conſtant flood of ſtate, and greatness,
The prodigie is ceaſing when your Lord

Comes

The Admirall of France.

Comes to the ballance, hee whose blazing fires,
Shot wonders through the Kingdome, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wif. My Lord?

Qz. Your high and mighty Justicer,

The man of conscience, the Oracle

Of State, whose honorable titles

Would cracke an Elephants backe, is now turn'd mortall,

Must passe examination, and the test

Of Law, have all his offices rip'd up,

And his corrupt soule laid open to the subjects,

His bribes, oppressions, and close sinnes that made

So many groane, and curse him, now shall finde

Their just reward, and all that love their country,

Blesse heaven, and the Kings Justice, for removing

Such a devouring monster.

Fa. Sir your pardon

Madam you are the Queene, she is my daughter,

And he that you have character'd so monstrous,

My sonne in Law, now gon to be arraign'd,

The King is just, and a good man, but't does not

Adde to the graces of your roiall person

To tread upon a Lady thus dejected

By her owne griefe, her Lord's not yet found guilty,

Much lesse condemn'd, though you have pleasd to execute

Qz. What lawcy fellow's this? *him.*

Fa. I must confesse.

I am a man out of this element

No Courtier, yet I am a gentleman

That dare speake honest truth to the Queenes care,

(A duty every subject wonot pay you)

And justifie it to all the world, there's nothing

Doth more ecclipsie the honours of our soule,

Than an ill grounded, and ill followed passion,

Let flie with noise, and license against those

Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Con. Brave old man.

Fa. Cause you are a Queene to trample ore a woman,

The Admirall of France.

Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up,
Strike out a Lyons teeth, and pare his clawes,
And then a dwarfe may plucke him by the beard,
Tis a gay victory.

Qu. Did you heare my Lord?

Fa. I ha done.

Wif. And it concernes me to beginne,
I haue not made this pause through servile feare
Or guiltie apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heates, and wildnesse
Has prepossessit your nature gainst our innocence,
You are my Queene, unto that title bowes
The humblest knee in France, my heart made lower
With my obedience, and prostrate duty,
Nor have I powers created for my use;
When just commands of you expect their service;
But were you Queene of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us
That I could reach you with my eyes and voyce,
I would shoothe both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Qu. So brave.

Wif. So just and boldly innocent,
I cannot feare arm'd with a noble conscience being enuied
The tempest of your frowne, were it more frightfull
Then every fury made a womans anger,
Prepar'd to kill with deaths most horrid ceremony,
Yet with what freedome of my soule I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride.

Qu. Forgive, what insolence is like this language?
Can any action of ours be capable
Of thy forgivenesse? dust? how I dispise thee?
Can we sinne to be object of thy mercie?

Wif. Yes, and haue dont already, and no staine
To your greatnesse Madam, tis my charity
I can remit, when soveraigne Princes dare
Doe injury to those that live beneath them,
They turne worth pitty, and their prayrs, and tis

The Admirall of France.

In the free power of those whom they oppresse
To pardon e'm, each soule has a prerogative,
And priviledge royall that was sign'd by heaven,
But though ith knowledge of my disposition
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person, I have no
Commission from my Lord to cleere you for
The wrongs you have done him, and still he pardon
The wounding of his loyaltie, with which life
Can hold no ballance, I must talke just boldnesse
To say —

Fa. No morē, now I must tell you daughter
Least you forget your selfe, she is the Queene,
And it becomes not you to vie with her
Passion for passion, if your Lord stand fast
To the full search of Law, Heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good mens loves.
If you attempt by these unruley wayes
To vindicate his justice, I me against you,
Deere as I wish your husbands life and fame,
Suffer are bound to suffer, not contest
With Princes, since their Will and Acts must be
Accounted one day to a Judge supreme.

wif. I ha done, if the devotion to my Lord,
Or pietie to his innocēce have led me
Beyond the awfull limits to be observ'd
By one so much beneath your sacred perlon,
I thus low crave your royall pardon Madam;
I know you will remember in your goodnesse,
My life blood is concern'd while his least veine
Shall runne blacke and polluted, my heart fed
With what keepes him alive, nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile wee carry, as the soule
Hath excellencie above this earth-borne frailty:
My Lord, by the Kings will is lead already

The Admirall of France.

To a severe arraignement, and to Judges,
Will make no tender search into his tract
Of life and state, stay but a little while,
And *France* shall echo to his shame or innocence,
This suit I begge with teares, I shall have sorrow
Enough to heare him censur'd foule and monstrous,
Should you forbeare to antidate my sufferings.

Qu. Your conscience comes about, and you incline
To teare he may be worth the lawes condemning.

Wif. I sooner will suspect the starres may loose
Their way, and cristall heaven returne to Chaos;

Truth sits not on her square more firme than he;

Yet let me tell you Madam, were his life

And action so foule as you have character'd,

And the bad world expects, though as a wife

Twere duty I should weepe my selfe to death,

To know him fayne from vertue, yet so much

I a fraile woman love my King and Country,

I should condemne him too, and thinke all honours

The price of his lost faith more fatall to me,

Than *Cleopatra's* aspes warme in my bosome,

And as much boast their killing.

Qu. This declares.

Another soule than was deliver'd me;

My anger melts, and I beginne to pity her,

How much a Princes eare may be abus'd?

Enjoy your happie confidence, at more leisure,

You may heare from us.

Wif. Heaven preserve the Queene,

And may her heart be charitable.

Fa. You blesse and honour your unworthy servant.

Qu. My Lord, did you observe this?

Con. Yes great Madam,

And read a noble spirit, which becomes

The wife of *Chabot*, their great tie of marriage

Is not more strong upon em, than their vertues.

Qu. That your opinion? I thought your judgement

Against the Admirall, doe you thinke him honest?

The Admirall of France.

Con. Religiously, a true, most zealous Patriot,
And worth all royall favour.

Qu. You amaze me,
Can you be just your selfe then, and advance
Your powers against him?

Con. Such a will be farre
From *Montmorancie*, Pioners of state
Have left no art to gaine me to their faction,
And tis my misery to be plac'd in such
A sphere where I am whirl'd by violence
Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
My owne will would encline me. I shall make
This appeare Madam, if you please to second
My free speech with the King.

Qu. Good heaven protect all,
Haste to the King, Justice her swift wing needes,
Tis high time to be good, when vertue bleedes.

Exeunt.

*Enter Officers before the Chancellor, Judges, the Proctor generall,
whispering with the Chancellor, they take their places.*

To them

*Enter Treasurer and Secretary who take their places
prepared on one side of the Court.*

To them

*The Captaine of the Guard, the Admirall following,
who is plac'd at the barre.*

Cha. Good Mr. Proctor generall begin.

Pro. It is not unknowne to you my very good Lords the
Judges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short
worke, since your honourable eares neede not to be enlarged,
I speake by a figure with prolix enumeration how infinitly
the King hath favoured this ill favoured Traitor; and yet I
may worthily too insist and prove that no grace hath beene so
large and voluminous, as this, that he hath appointed such up-
right Judges at this time, and the chiefe of this Triumviric,
our Chancellor by name *Poyet*, which deriveth from the
Greeke his Etymology from *Poyeni*, which is to make, to
create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature, from

The Admirall of France.

whence also is the name and dignitie of *Poeta*, which I will not insist upon, in this place, although I am confident his Lordshippe wanteth no facultie in making of Verses: but what addition I say is it to the honur of this Delinquent, that he hath such a Judge, a man so learned, so full of equity, so noble, so notable in the progresse of his life, so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt; in the passages of State so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his services to the King so fortunate, and exploring, as envie it selfe cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lippes will open to commend, but those of *Philip*; and in their hearts will erect Altars, and Statues, Columnnes, and Obelishes, Pillars and Pyramids, to the perpetuitie of his name and memory. What shall I say: but conclude for his so great and sacred service, both to our King and Kingdome, and for their everlasting benefit, there may everlastinglie be left here one of his loynes, one of his loynes ever remaine I say, and stay upon this Bench, to be the example of all Justice, even while the North and South Starre shall continue.

Cha. You expresse your Oratory Mr. Proctor,
I pray come presently to the matter.

Pro. Thus with your Lordships pardon, I proceede; and the first thing I shall glance at, will be worth your Lordships reflection, his ingratitude, and to whom: to no lesse person than a King, and to what King, his owne, and our generall Sovaigne *Proh deum atque hominum fidem*; a King, and such a King, the health, life, and soule of us all, whose very mention drawes this salt water from my eyes; for hee indeede is our eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleepe, and who will not sleepe for him, I meane not sleepe, which the Philosophers call, a naturall cessation of the common and consequently of all the exterior fences, caused first and immediatly by a detension of spirits, which can have no communication, since the way is obstructed, by which these spirits should commearce, by vapours ascending from the stomacke to the head, by which evaporation the rootes of the nerves are filled, through which the annuall spirits, to be powred into the dwellings of the externall fences; but sleepe

The Admirall of France.

I take for death, which all know to be *Ultima linea*, who will not sleepe eternally, for such a King as wee enjoy? If therefore in generall as hee is King of us all, all sharing and dividing the benefits of this our Soveraigne, none should be so ingratefull as once to murmur against him, what shall be said of the ingratitude more monstrous in this *Chabot*, for our *Francis* hath loved, not in generall & in the croud with other subiects, but particalarly this *Philip* advanc'd him to the supreme dignitie of a Statesman, lodg'd him in his very heart, yet *Monstrum horrendum*; even to this *Francis* hath *Philip* beene ingratefull. *Brutus* the loved sonne hath stabbed *Cesar* with a Bodkin: Oh what brute may be compared to him? and in what particulars may this crime be exemplified; hee hath, as wee say, chopt *Logicke* with the King, nay to the very teeth of his Soveraigne advance his owne *Gnat*-like merits, and justified with *Luciferous* pride, that his services have deserved more than all the bounty of our Munificent King hath paid him.

Cha. Observe that my Lords.

Pro. Nay he hath gone further, and most traiterously hath committed outrage and impiety to the Kings owne hand, and royll character, which presented to him in a bill from the whole counsell, hee most violently did teare in peeces, and will doe the very body and person of our King, if your Justice make no timely prevention, and strike out the Serpentine teeth of this high, and more than horrible monster.

Tr. This was enforced home.

Pro. In the next place I will relate to your honours his most cruell exactions upon the subiect, the old vancurriers of rebellions. In the yeare 1536. and 37. This oppressour, and this extortioneer, under pretext of his due taxation, being Admirall impos'd upon certaine Fishermen, (observe I beseech you the circumstance of their persons, Fishermen) who poore *Johns* were embarqued upon the cost of *Normandy*, and fishing there for *Herrings* (which some say is the king of Fishes) he impos'd I say twenty *sous*, and upon every boate sixe *liners*, oh intollerable exactiōn! enough not onely to alienate the hearts of these miserable people from their King, which *Ipsa facta* is high treason, but an occasion of a greater inconveni-

The Admirall of France.

enee, for want of due provision of fish among the subjects, for by this might ensue a necessitiē of mortall sins, by breaking the religious fast upon Vigils, Embers, and other dayes commanded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut that would follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh should be licenced for every carnall appetite. — I could urge many more particulars of his dangerous infatiate and boundlesse Avarice, but the improvement of his estate in so few yeares, from a private Gentlemans fortune, to a great Dukes revenue, might save our soveraigne therein an Orator to enforce and prove faulty even to gyantisme against heaven.

Judg. This is but a noise of words.

Pro. To the foule outrages so violent, let us adde his Commission s granted out of his owne presum'd authoritie, his Majestie neither inrround or respected his disloyalties, infidelities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumerable abuses, offences, and forfeits, both to his Majesties most royall person, crowne, and dignitie, yet notwithstanding all these injustices, this unmatchable, unjust delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable, and incomparable just; but alas my most learned Lord, none knowes better than yout selves, how easie the sinceritie of Justice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath least colour of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soule of it, he that was never true scheller in the least degree, longs as a woman with child to be great with scholler. she that was never with child longs *Omnibus vijs & modis* to be got with child, and will weare a cushion to seeme with child, and hee that was never just, will fly in the Kings face to be counted just, though for all he be nothing, but just, a Traytor.

Sec. The Admirall smilts.

Jud. Answer your selfe my Lord.

Adm. I shall, and briefly,

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath
Branch'd my offences hainous to the King,
And then his subject, a most vast indictment,
That to the King I have justified my merit,
And services; which conscience of that truth,

The Admirall of France.

That gave my actions life when they are questionēd,
I ought to urge agen, and doe without
The least part of injustice ; for the Bill
A foule, and most unjust one, and prefer'd
Gainst the Kings honour, and his subjects priviledge,
And with a policie to betray my office,
And faith to both, I doe confessē I tore it,
It being prest immodeſtly, but without
A thought of disobedience to his name,
To whose mention I bow, with humble reverēnce,
And dare appeale to the Kings knowledge of me,
How farre I am in soule from ſuch a reſell,
For the reſt my Lord, and you my honour'd Judges,
Since all this mountaine all this time in labour
With more than mortall fury gainſt my life,
Hath brought forth nought but ſome ridiculous vermine,
I will not wrong my right, and innocence,
With any ſerious plea in my reply,
To frustrate breath, and fight with terrible ſhaddow
That have beene forg'd, and forc'd againſt my ſtate,
But leave all, with my life to your free censures;
Onely beſeeching all your learned judgements
Equall and pious conſcience to weigh.

Pro. And how this great and mighty fortune hath exalted
him to pride is apparent, not onely in his braves and bearings
to the King, the fountainē of all this increase, but in his con-
tempt and ſcorne of the ſubject, his vast expences in buil-
dings, his private bounties, above royll to ſouldiers and
ſchollers, that he may be the Generall and Patron, and pro-
teCTOR of armes ; the number of domestickē attendants,
an army of Grashoppers and gay Butterflies able to devoure
the Spring ; his glorious wardrobes, his ſtable of horses that
are prick'd with provender, and will enforce us to weede up
our Vineyards to ſow Oates for ſupply of their provision, his
caroches ſhining with gold, and more bright than the chariot
of the Sunne, weating out the pavements ; nay, he is of late ſo
transcendently proud, that men muſt be his Mules, and carry
him up and downe as it were in a Proceſſion for men to gaze

The Admirall of France.

at him till their chines crackes with the weight of his insup-
portable pride, and who knowes but this may prove a fashion? But who grones for this? the subject, who murmur, and are ready to beginne a rebellion, but the tumultuous saylers, and water-rats, who runne up and downe the citie, like an over-bearing tempest, cursing the Admirall, who in duty ought to undoe himself for the generall satisfaction of his countrymen.

Adm. The varietie, and wonder now presented

To your most noble notice, and the worlds,
That all my life and actions, and offices,
Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of Law
Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath
Of an incenſt, and commanding King,
And blowne with foes, with farre more bitter windes,
Then Winter from his Easterne cave exhailes,
Yet nothing found, but what you all have heard,
And then consider if a peere of State,
Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignement
For poore complaints, his fame, faith, life, and honours
Rackt for no more.

Cha. No more? good heauen, what say
My learned assistants.

1 Iu. My Lord, the crimes urg'd here for us to censurē
As capitall, and worth this high arraignement
To me seeme strange, because they doe not fall
In force of Law, to arraigne a Peere of State,
For all that Law can take into her power
To sentence, is the exaction of the Fishermen?

2 Iu. Here is no majesty violated, I consent to what my Brother has exprest.

Cha. Breake then in wonder,
My frighted words out of their forming powers,
That you no more collect; from all these forfeits
That Mr. Proctor generall hath opened,
With so apparant, and impulsive learning,
Against the rage and madnesse of the offender,
And violate Majestie (my learned assistants)
When Majesties affronted and defied,

The Admirall of France.

It being compar'd with ? and in such an onset
As leap'd into his throate ? his life affrighting ?
Be justified in all insolence, all subjects
If this be so considered, and insult
Vpon your priviledg'd malice, is not Majestie
Poyson'd in this wonder ? and no felony set
Where royaltie is rob'd, and
Fie how it fights with Law, and grates upon
Her braine and soule, and all the powers of Reason,
Reporter of the processe, shew the sedale.

No. Here my good Lord,

1. No altering it in us.
2. Farre be it from us Sir.

Cha. Heres silken Justice,

It might be altered, mend your sentences.

Both. Not wee my Lord.

Cha. Not you ? The King shall know
You slight a duty to his will, and safety,
Give me your pen, it n^t ust be capitall.

1. Make what you please my Lord, our doome shall stand.

Cha. Thus I subscribe, now at your perills follow.

Both. Perills my Lord ? threatens in the Kings free justice ?

Tre, I am amaz'd they can be so remisse.

Sec. Mercifull men, pittifull Judges certaine.

1. Subscribe, it matters nothing being constrain'd

On this side, and on this side, this capitall I,

Both which together put, import plaine Vi;

And witnesse we are forc'd.

2. Enough,

It will acq^tit us when we make it knowne,

Our names are forc'd.

Cha. If traitorous pride

Vpon the royall person of a King

Were sentenc'd unfelloniously befor^t,

Ile burne my Bookes and be a Judge no more.

Both. Here are our hands subscrib'd.

Cha. Why so, it joyes me,

You have reform'd your justice and your judgement,

Now

The Admirall of France.

Now have you done like Judges and learned Lawyers,
The King shall thanke, and honour you for this.
Notary read.

No. We by his sacred Majestie appointed
Judges, upon due triall, and examination
Of Philip Chabot Admirall of France
Declare him guiltie of high treasons, &c.

Cha. Now Captaine of the gaurd, secure his person,
Till the King signifie
His pleasure for his death, this day is happy
To France, thus reskued from the vile devourer.

A shoute within.

Harke how the votes applaud their blest deliverance,
You that so late did right and conscience boast,
Heavens mercy now implore, the Kings is lost.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter King, Queene, and Constable.

Kin. You raise my thoughts to wonder, that you Madam,
And you my Lord, unite your force to pleade
Ith' Admiralls behalfe, this is not that
Langauge you did expresse, when the torne Bill
Was late pretended to us, it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would rebell
And arm'd with faction, too loone attempt
To teare my crowne off.

Qu. I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the report
Of his accusers, and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadowes of any vertue in those men,
They would depreffe like Crowes, and carrion birds,
They fly ore flowrie Meades, cleare Springs, faire Gardens,
And stoope at carcasses; for your owne honour

Pitty

The Admirall of France.

Pitty poore Chabot.

King. Poore and a Colossus?

What could so lately straddle ore a Province,
Can he be fallen so low, and miserable,
To want my pitty, who breakes forth like day,
Takes up all peoples eyes, and admiration?
It cannot be, he hath a Princely wife too.

Qu. I interpose not often Sir, or presse you
With unbecoming importunitie,
To serve the profitable ends of others
Conscience, and duty to your selfe inforce
My present mediation, you have given
The health of your owne state away, unlesse
Wisedome in time recover him.

King. If he proove

No adulterate gold, triall confirmes his value.

Qu. Although it hold in mettle gracious Sir,
Such fiery examination, and the furnace
May wast a heart that's faithfull, and together
With that you call the *feces*, something of
The precious substance may be hazarded.

King. Why, you are the chiefe engine rais'd against him,
And in the worlds Creede labour most to sinke him,
That in his fall, and absence every beame
May shine on you, and onely guild your fortune,
Your difference is the ground of his arraignement,
Nor were we unsolicited by you,
To have your bill confirm'd, from that that spring
(ame all these mighty and impetuous waves,
With which he now must wrastle, if the strength
Of his owne innocence can breake the storme,
Truth wonot lose her servant, her wings cover him,
He must obey his fate.

Con. I would not have

It lie upon my fame, that I should be
Mentioned in Story his unjust supplanter
For your whole Kingdome, I have beene abused,
And made beleive my suite was just and necessary,

The Admirall of France.

My walkes have not beene safe, my closet prayers,
But some plot has pursued me, by some great ones
Against your noble Admirall, they have frighted
My fancy into my dreames with their close whispers,
How to un cement your affections,
And render him the fable, and the scorne
Of France.

Qn. *Brave Montmorancie.*

King. Are you serious.

Con. Have I a soule? or gratitude, to acknowledge
My selfe your creature, dignified and honor'd
By your high favours with an equall truth,
I must declare the justice of your Admirall
(In what my thoughts are conscious) and will rather
Give up my claime to birth, title, and offices,
Be throwne from your warme smile, the top and crowne
Of subjects happiness, then be brib'd with all
Their glories to the guilt of *Chabots* ruine.

King. Come, come, you over act this passion,
And if it be not pollicie it tast
Too greene, and wants some counsell to mature it,
His fall prepares your triumph.

Con. It confirmes

My shame alive, and buried will corrupt
My very dust, make our house-genious grone,
And fright the honest marble from my ashes:
His fall prepare my triumph? turne me first
A naked exile to the world.

King. No more,
Take heede you banish not your selfe, be wise,
And let not too much zeale devote your reason.

Enter Asall.

As. Your Admirall
Is condemn'd Sir?

King. Ha? strange! no matter,
Leave us, a great man I see may be
As soone dispatch'd, as a common subject.

Qn. No mercy then for *Chabot*.

Enter

The Admirall of France.

Enter Wife and Father.

Wif. From whence came
That sound of *Chabot*? then we are all undone :
Oh doe not heare the Queene, she is no friend
To my poore Lord, but made against his life,
Which hath too many enemies already.

Con. Poore soule, shee thinkes the Queene is still against
Who employeth all her powers to preserve him. (him,

Fa. Say you so my Lord? daughter the Queen's our friend.

Wif. Why doe you mocke my sorrow? can you flatter
Your owne griefe so, be just, and heare me sir,
And doe not sacrifice a subiects blood
To appease a wrathfull Queen, let mercy shîne
Upon your brow, and heaven will pay it backe
Upon your soule, be deafe to all her prayers.

King. Poore heart, she knowes not what she has desir'd.

Wif. I begge my *Chabot*'s life, my sorrowes yet
Have not destroid my reason.

King. He is in the power of my Lawes, not mine.

Wif. Then you have no power,
And are but the emptie shadow of a King,
To whom is it resign'd? where shall I begge
The forfeit life of one condemn'd by Lawes
To partiall doome?

King. You heare he is condemn'd then?

Fa. My sonne is condemn'd sir.

King. You know for what too.

Fa. What the Judges please to call it,
But they have giv'n a name, Treason they say.

Qu. I must not be denied.

King. I must deny you.

Wif. Be blest for ever fort.

Qu. Grant then to her.

King. *Chabot* condemn'd by law?

Fa. But you have power
To change the rigor, in your breast there is
A Chancellor above it, I nere had
A suite before, but my knees joyne with hers

The Admirall of France.

To implore your royll mercy to her Lord,
And take his cause to your examination,
It cannot wrong your Judges, if they have
Beene steer'd by conscience.

Con. It will fame your Justice.

King. I cannot be prescrib'd, you kneele in vaine,
You labour to betray me with your teares
To a treason above his, gainst my owne Lawes,
Looke to the Lady

Exeunt.

Enter Asall.

As. Sir the Chancellor.

King. Admit him, leave us all.

Enter Chancellor.

How now my Lord ?

You have lost no time, and how thrive the proceedings.

King. Twas fit my gracious Soveraigne, time should leave
His motion made in all affaires beside,
And spend his wings onely in speed of this.

King. You have shew'd diligence, and whats become
Of our most curious Justicer, the Admirall ?

Cha. Condemn'd sir utterly, and all hands set
To his conviction.

King. And for faults most foule ?

Cha. More than most impious, but the applausive issue
Strooke by the concourse of your ravish'd subjects
For joy of your free Justice, if there were
No other cause to assure the sentence just
Were proove convincing.

King. Now then he sees cleerely
That men perceive how vaine his Justice was,
And scorne him for the foolish net he wore
To hide his nakednesse ; ist not a wonder
That mens ambitions should so blinde their reason
To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride
Rather in seeming, then in being just.

Cha. Seeming has better fortune to attend it
Then being found at heart, and vertuous.

King. Professe all ? nothing doe, like those that live

By

The Admirall of France.

By looking to the Lamps of holy Temples,
Who still are busie taking off their snuffes,
But for their profit sake will adde no oyle ;
So these will checke and sentence every fame,
The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in others,
And in themselves leave the fume most offensive,
But he to doe this ? more deceives my judgement
Than all the rest whose nature I have sounded.

Cha. I know Sir, and have prov'd it.

King. Well my Lord

To omit circumstance, I highly thank you
For this late service you have done me here,
Which is so great and meritorious
That with my ablest power I scarce can quit you.

Cha. Your sole acceptance (my dread soveraigne)
I more rejoice in, than in all the fortunes
That ever chanc'd me, but when may it please
Your Highnesse to order the execution ?
The haste thus farre hath spar'd no pinions.

King. No my Lord, your care
Hath therein much deserv'd.

Cha. But where proportion
Is kept toth' end in things, at start so happy
That end set on the crowne.

King. Ile speede it therefore.

Cha. Your thoughts direct it, they are wing'd. *Exit.*

King. I joy this boldnesse is condemn'd, that I may pardon,
And therein get somē ground in his opinion
By so much bounty as saves his life,

And me thinks that weigh'd more, should sway the ballance
Twixt me and him, held by his owne free Justice,
For I could never finde him obstinate
In any minde he held, when once he saw
Th' error with which he laboured, and sincē now
He needs must feele it, I admit no doubt,
But that his alteration will beget
Another fence of things twixt him and me ;
Whose there ?

Enter A jail.

The Admirall of France.

Goe to the Capitaine of my guard, and will him
To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me instantly.

As. I shall sir. *Enter Treasurer & Secretary.*

King. My Lords, you were spectators of our Admirall.

Tre. And hearers too of his most just conviction,
In which we witnest over-weight enough
In your great bounties, and as they there were weigh'd
With all the feathers of his boasted merits.

King. Has felt a scorching triall, and the rest
(That holds fires utmost force) we must give mettalls
That will not with the hammer, and the melting
Confesse their truth, and this same sence of feeling
(Being ground to all the fences) hath one key
More than the rest to let in through them all
The mindes true apprehension, that thence takes
Her first convey'd intelligence. I long
To see this man of confidence agen:
How thinke you Lords, will *Chabot* looke on mee,
Now spoild of the integrity, he boasted?

Sec. It were too much honour to vouchsafe your sight.

Tr. No doubt my Leigh, but he that hath offended
In such a height against your crowne and person,
Will want no impudence to looke upon you.

Enter Asah, Capitaine, Admirall.

Cap. Sir, I had charge given me by this Gentleman
To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your presence.

King. You have done well, and tell the Queene, and our
Lord Constable we desire their presence, bid
Our Admiralls Lady, and her father too
Attend us here, they are but new withdrawne.

As. I shall sir!

Tre. Doe you observe this confidence?
He stands as all his triall were a dreame.

Sec. Hele finde the horrour waking, the King's troubled;
Now for a thunder-clap: the Queene and Constable.

Enter Queene, Constable, Wife and Father.

Tr. I doe not like their mixture.

King, My Lord Admirall,

You

The Admirall of France.

You made it your desire to have this triall
That late hath past upon you ;
And now you seele how vaine is too much faith
And flattery of your selfe, as if your brest
Were prooфе gainst all invasion, tis so slight
You see it lets in death, whats past, hath becene
To satisfie your insolence, there remaines
That now we serve our owne free pleasure, therefore
By th^t most absolute power, with which all right
Puts in my hands, these issues turnes, and changes,
I here in care of all these, pardon all
Your faults and forfeits, whatsoeuer sensur'd,
Againe advancing, and establishing
Your person in all fulnesse of that state
That ever you enjoy'd before th^t attainerd.

tre. Wonderfull, pardon'd !

wif. Heaven preserve the King.

Qu. Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.

Con. And live Kings best example.

Fa. Sonne yare pardon'd,
Be fare you looke hereafter well about you.

Adm. Vouchsafe great Sir to assure me what you said,
You naɪn'd my pardon.

King. And agen declare it,
For all crimes past, of what nature soever.

Adm. You cannot pardon me Sir.

King. How's that *Philip* ?

Adm. It is a word carries too much relation
To an offence, of which I am not guilty,
And I must still be bold where truth still armes,
In spight of all those frownes that would deject me
To say I neede no pardon.

King. Ha, howes this ?

Fa. Hees mad with over-joy, and answers nonsence.

King. Why, tell me *Chabot*, are not you condemn'd ?

Adm. Yes, and that justifies me much the more,
For whatsoeuer false report hath brought you,
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach

The Admirall of France.

To prejudice my life, my goods or honour,
As first in firmenesse of my conscience,
I confidently told you, not alas
Presuming on your slender thred of favour,
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldnesse,
But what my faith and justice bade me trust too,
For none of all your learned assistant Judges,
With all the malice of my crimes could urge,
Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

King. Doe any heare this, but my selfe? My Lords,
This man still justifies his innocence,
What prodiges are these? have not our Lawes
Past on his actions, have not equall Judges
Certified his arraignement, and him guilty
Of capitall Treason? and yet doe I heare
Chabot accuse all these, and quit himselfe.

Tr. It does appeare distraction sir.

King. Did we
Seeme so indulgent to propose our free
And royll pardon without suite or prayer,
To meeete with his contempt?

Sec. Vnhear'd of impudence!

Ad. I were malicious to my selfe, and desperate
To force untruths upon my soule, and when
Tis cleare, to confess a shame to exercise
Your pardon sir, were I so foule and monstrous
As I am given to you, you would commit
A sinne next mine, by wronging your owne mercy
To let me draw out impious breath, it will
Release your wonder, if you give command
To see your processe, and if it prove other
Than I presume to informe, teare me in peeces.

King. Goe for the Processe, and the Chancellor,
With the assistant Iudg's. I thanke heaven
That with all these inforcements of distraction
My reason stayes so c'are to heare, and answer,
And to direct a message. This inversion,
Of all the loyalties, and true deserts

Exit As.

That

The Admirall of France.

That I beleev'd I govern'd with, till now
In my choice Lawyers, and chiefe Counsellors
Is able to shake all my frame of reason.

Adm. I am much griv'd.

King. No more, I doe inclinē
To thinke I am abus'd, my Lawes betrai'd
And wrested to the purpose of my Judges,
This confidence in *Chabot* turnes my judgement,
This was too wilde away to make his merits
Stoope and acknowledge my superior bounties,
That it doth raise, and fixe e'm past my art,
To shadow all the shame and forfeits mine!

Enter Asall, Chancellor, Judges.

As. The Chancellor and Judges Sir.

Tre. I like not

This passion in the King, the Queenē and Constable
Are of that fide.

King. My Lord, you dare appeare then?

Cha. Dare Sir, I hope.

King. Well done, hope still, and tell me,
Is not this man condemn'd?

Cha. Strange question Sir,
The processe will declare it, sign'd with all.
These my assistant brothers reverend hands
To his conviction in a publike triall.

King. You said for foule and monstrous facts prov'd by him?

Cha. The very words are there sir.

King. But the deedes
I looke for sir, name me but one that's monstrous?

Cha. His foule comparisons, and affronts of you,
To me seem'd monstrous.

King. I told you them sir,
Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,
Being a man studiéd in him, could produce
And prove as cleare as heaven, you warrantēd
To make appeare such treasons in the Admirall,
As never all Lawes, Volumes yet had sentenc'd,
And France should looke on, having cap'd with wonder

The Admirall of France.

What in this nature hath beeene cleerely prov'd
In his arraignement.

1. Nothing that we heard
Is flendrest touch urg'd by your Advocate.

King. Dare you affirme this too?

2. Most confidently.

King. No base corruptions charg'd upon him.

1. None sir.

Tr. This argues Chabot has corrupted him.

Sec. I doe not like this.

1. The summe of all

Was urg'd to proye your Admirall corrupt,
Was an exaction of his officers,
Of twenty souse taken from the Fishermen
For every boate, and that fish'd the Normand coast.

King. And was this all
The mountaines, and the marvells promist me,
To be in cleere prooфе made against the life
Of our so hated Admirall.

Ind. All sir,
Upon our lives and consciences.

Cha. I am blasted.

King. How durst you then subscribē to his conviction,
1. For threats by my Lord Chancellor on the Bench,
Affirming that your Majestie would have it
Made capitall treason, or account us traitors.

2. Yet sir, we did put to our names with this
Interposition of a note in secret
In these two letters *V*, and *I*, to shew
Wee were enforc'd to what we did, which then
In Law is nothing.

Fa. How doe you feele your Lordship,
Did you not finde some stuffing in your head,
Your braine should have beeene purg'd.

Cha. I fall to peeces,
Would they had rotted on the Bench.

King. And so you sav'd the peace of that high Court,
Which otherwife his impious rage had broken,
But thus am I by his malicious arts.

The Admirall of France.

A parly rendred, and most tyrannous spurre
To all the open course of his base envies,
A forcer of my Judges, and a thirst
Of my nobilitie's blood, and all by one,
I trusted to make cleere my love of Justice.

Cha. I beseech your Majestie, let all my zeale
To serve your vertues, with a sacred value
Made of your royll state, to which each least
But shade of violence in any subject
Doth provoke certaine death.

King. Death on thy name
And memory for ever, one command
Our Advocate attend us presently.

As. He waites here.

King. But single death shall not excuse, thy skinne
Torne ore thine eares, and what else can be inflicted
If thy life with the same severity
Dissected cannot stand so many fires.

Sec. Tre. Be mercifull great Sir.

King. Yet more amaze?
Is there a knee in all the world beside
That any humane conscience can let bow
For him, yare traitors all that pitty him.

Tr. This is no time to move.

King. Yet twas my fault
To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce and proud
With formes of tongue and learning, what a prisoner
Is pride of the whole flood of man? for as
A humane seede is said to be a mixture
And faire contemperature extracted from
All our best faculties, so the seede of all
Mans sensuall frailty, may be said to abide,
And have their confluence in onely pride,
It stupifies mans reason so, and dulls
True sence of any thing, but what may fall
In his owne glory, quenches all the spirits
That light a man to honour and true goodness.

As. Your Advocate.

Enter Advocate.

The Admirall of France.

King. Come hither.

Adv. My most gracious Soveraigne.

Adm. Madam you infinitely oblige our duty.

Qu. I was too long ignorant of your worth my Lord,
And this sweete Ladies vertue.

Wif. Both your servants.

Adm. I never had a feare of the Kings Justice,
And yet I know not what creepes ore my heart,
And leaves an ice beneath it, my Lord Chancellor,
You have my forgivenesse, but implore heavens pardon
For wrongs to equall justice, you shall want
No charitie of mine to mediate
To the King for you.

Cha. Horror of my soule
Confounds my gratitude.

Con. To me now most welcome.

Adv. It was my allegiance sir, I did enforce,
But by directions of your Chancellor,
It was my office to advance your cause,
Gainst all the world, which when I leave to execute,
Flea me, and turne me out a most raw Advocate.

King. You see my Chancellor.

Adv. He has an ill looke with him.

King. It shall be your province now, on our behalfe
To urge what can in justice be against him,
His riot on our Lawes, and corrupt actions
Will give you scope and field enough.

Adv. And I
Will play my law prize, never feare it sir,
He shall be guilty of what you please, I am studiē
In him sir, I will squeeze his villanies,
And urge his acts so whom into his bowells,
The force of it shall make him hang himselfe,
And save the Lawes a labour.

King. Judges, for all
The poisonous outrage, that this viper spilt
On all my royll freedome and my Empire,
As making all but servants to his malice.

The Admirall of France.

I will have you revise the late arraignment,
And for those worthy reasons, that already
Affect you for my Admiralls acquitall
Employ your justice on this Chancellor, away with him;
Arrest him Capitaine of my guard to anwer
All that due course of Law against him can
Charge both his Acts and life.

Cap. I doe arrest thee

Poyet Lord Chancellor in his Highnesse name,
To anwer all that equall course of Law
Can charge thy acts and life with.

Cha. I Obey.

King. How false a heart corruption has, how base
Without true worth are all these earth-bred glories?
Oh blessed justice, by which all things stand,
That stills the thunder, and makes lightning finke
Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,
Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,
The object of mens hate, and heavens bright love;
And as in cloudy dayes, we see the Sunne
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,
All those left darke, and slighted in his way,
And on the wretched plig't of some poore shed,
Powres all the glories of his golden head;
So heavenly vertue, on this enyied Lord,
Points all his graces, that I may disstingueish
Him better from the world.

Tre. You doe him right.

E King. But away Judges, and pursue the arraignment
Of this polluted Chancellor with that swiftnesse,
His fury wing'd against my Admirall,
And be you all, that fate on him compurgators
Of me against this false Judge.

Jud. We are so.

King. Be you two joyn'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affaires now past, that whatsoever

The Admirall of France.

Charge or Commission Judges have from us,
They ever make their ayme ingenuous Justice,
Not partiall for reward, or swelling favour,
To which if your King steere you, spare to obey,
For when his troubled blood is cleere, and calme,
He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious Law, and hold that Judge
Vnworthy of his place, that lets his censure
Flote in the waves of an imagin'd favour,
This shipwracks in the haven, and but wounds
Their consciences that sooth the soone ebb'd humours
Of their incensed King.

Con. Tre. Royall and sacred.

King. Come Philip, shine thy honour now for ever,
For this short temporall ecclipsie it suffer'd
By th' interpos'd desire I had to try thee,
Nor let the thought of what is past affict thee,
For my unkindnesse, live still circled here,
The bright intelligence of our royall spheere.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Queene, Constable, Father.

*Qu. T*he Admirall sicke?
Fa. With danger at the heart,
I came to tell the King.

Con. He never had
More reason in his soule, to entertaine
All the delights of health.

Fa. I feare my Lord,
Some apprehension of the Kings unkindnesse,
By giving up his person, and his offices
To the Lawes gripe and search, is ground of his
Sad change, the greatest foules are thus oft wounded,
If he vouchsafe his presence, it may quicken
His fast decaying spirits, and prevent

The

The Admirall of France.

The hasty ebbē of life.

Qu. The King is now
Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation,
The newes so violent, let into his eare,
May have some dangerous effect in him,
I wod not counsell fir to that.

Fa. With greater reason,
I may suspect they'le spread my Lord, and as
A river left his curl'd and impetuous waves
Over the bankes, by confluence of stremes
That fill and swell her channell, for by this time
He has the addition of *Allegres* suffering,
His honest servant, whom I met though feeble
And worne with torture, going to congratulate
His Masters safetie.

Qu. It seemes he much
Affected that *Allegre*.

Con. There will be
But a sad interview and dialogue.

Qu. Does he keepe his bed?

Fa. In that alone
He shewes a fortitude, he will move, and walke
He sayes while his owne strength or others can
Support him, wishing he might stand and looke
His destiny in the face at the last summon,
Not sluggishly exhaile his soule in bed,
With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.

Qu. Can he in this shew spirit, and want force
To wrastle with a thought?

Fa. Oh Madam, Madam,
We may have prooфе against the sword, and tyranny
Of boysterous warre that threatens us, but when
Kings frouné, a Cannon mounted in each eye,
Shoote death to apprehension, ère their fire
And force approach us.

Enter King.

Con. Here's the King.

Qu. No words
To interrupt his quiet.

The Admirall of France.

Fa. He begon then.

King. Our Admiralls father! call him backe.

Qu. I w^onot stay to heare e'm.

Exit.

Con. Sir, be prudent,

And doe not for your sonne fright the Kings health.

Exit.

King. What, ha they left us? how does my Admirall?

Fa. I am forbid to tell you sir.

King. By whom.

Fa. The Queene and my Lord Constable.

King. Are there

Remaining seedes of faction? have they soules
Not yet convinc'd ith truth of *Chabots* honour,
Cleare as the christall heaven, and bove the reach
Of imitation.

Fa. Tis their care of you,
And no thought prejudiciale to my sonne.
King. Their care of me?
How can the knowledge of my Admiralls state
Concerne their feares of me, I see their envie
Of *Chabots* happinesse, whose joy to be
Rendr'd so pure and genuine to the world
Doth grate upon their conscience and affright 'em;
But let 'em vexe, and bid my *Chabot* still
Exalt his heart, and triumph, he shall have
The accessse of ours, the kingdome shall put on
Such joyes for him as she would bost to celebrate
Her owne escape from ruine.

Fa. He is not in state to heare my sad newes
I perceive.

King. That countenance is not right, it does not answer
What I expect,
Say, how is my Admirall?
The truth upon thy life.

Fa. To secure his, I would you had.

King. Ha? Who durst oppose him?

Fa. One that hath power enough hath practised on him
And made his great heart stoope.

King. I will revenge it

With

The Admirall of France.

With crushing, crushing that rebellious power to nothing.
Name him.

Fa. He was his friend.

King. A friend to malice, his owne blacke impostume
Burne his blood up, what mischiefe hath ingendred
New stormes?

Fa. Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
Appease all horrour that look'd wilde upon him?

Fa. You drest his wounds I must confess, but made
No cure, they bleede a fresh, pardon me sir,
Although your conscience have clos'd too soone,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgerie
Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
He thinkes you were unkinde.

King. Alas poore Chabot,
Doth that afflict him.

Fa. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and Adamantine nerves,
As ever humane fire in flesh and blood,
Forg'd for example, to beare all, so killing
The arrowes that you shot were (still your pardon)
No Centaures blood could rancle so.

King. If this
Be all, ile cure him, Kings retaine
More Balsome in their soule then hurt in anger.

Fa. Farre shott sir, with one breath they uncreate,
And Kings with onely words more wounds can make
Then all their kingdome made in balme can heale,
Tis dangerous to play to wilde a descant
On numerous vertue, though it become Princes
To assure their adventures made in every thing,
Goodnesse confin'd within poore flesh and blood,
Hath but a queazie and still sickly state,
A musicall hand should onely play on her
Fluent as ayre, yet every touch command.

King. No more,
Commend us to the Admirall, and say,

The Admirall of France.

The King will visite him, and bring health.

Fa. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
Nimbly with this command.

Exeunt.

*Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, and Judges, at-
tended by Petitioners, the Advocate also with many papers
in his hand, they take their places.*

The Chancellor with a guard, and plac'd at the Barre.

Tre. Did you beleieve the Chancellor had beene
So foule?

Sec. Hee's lost toth' people, what contempts
They throw upon him? but we must be wise.

1 Ind. Were there no other guilt, his malice shew'd.
Vpon the Admirall, in orebearing justice,
Would well deserve a sentence.

Tre. And a deepe one.

2 Ind. If please your Lordships to remember that
Was specially commended by the King,
As being most blemish to his royll person,
And the free justice of his state.

Tre. Already

He has confess upon his examinations
Enough for sensur, yet to obey forme —
Mr. Advocate if you please —

Adv. I am ready for your Lordships : It hath beene said,
and will be said agen, and may truely be justified, *Omnia ex-
lite fieri*. It was the position of Philosophers, and now proved
by a more Philosophycall sect, the Lawyers, that *Omnia ex-
lite fiant*, we are all made by Law, made I say, and worthily
if we be just, if we be unjust, marri'd, though in marri g some,
there is necessitie of making others, for if one fall by the Law,
tenne to one but another is exalted by the execution of the
Law, since the corruption of one must conclude the genera-
tion of another, though not alwayes in the same profession ;
the corruption of an Apothecary, may be the generation of a
Doctor of Physicke ; the corruption of a Citizen may beget a
Courtier, & a Courtier may very well beget an Alderman, the
corruption of an Alderman may be the generation of a Coun-
try Justice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget a tumult,

The Admirall of France.

a tumult may beget a Cap-
taine, and the corruption of a Cap-
taine may beget a Gentleman-Vsler, and a Gentleman-Vsler
may beget a Lord; whose wit may beget a Poet, and a Poet
may get a thousand pound a yeare, but nothing without cor-
ruption.

Tre. Good Mr. Advocate be pleased to leavē all digressi-
ons, and speake of the Chancellor.

Adv. Your Lordship doth very seasonably premonish, and
I shall not neede to leave my subiect corruption, while I dis-
couse of him, who is the very fenne and stigian abisse of it,
five thousand and odde hundred foule and impious corrupti-
ons, for I will be briefe; have beene found by severall exami-
nations, and by oathes prov'd against this odiotis and polluted
Chancellor, a man of so tainted, and contagious a life, that it is
a-miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrills, that hath lived with-
in the sent of his offices; he was borne with teeth in his head,
by an affidavit of his Midwife, to note his devouring, and
hath one toe on his left foote crooked, and in the forme of an
Eagles talon, to foretell his rapacitie: What shall I say?
branded, mark'd, and design'd in his birth for shame and oblo-
quie, which appeareth further by a mole under his right eare,
with only three Witches haires int, strange and ominous pre-
dictions of nature.

Tre. You have acquainted your selfe but very lately
With this intelligence, for as I rememb're
Your tongue was guilty of no such character,
When hee sat Judge upon the Admirall,
A pious incorrupt man, a faithfull and fortunate
Servant to his King, and one of the greatest
Honours that ever the Admirall received, was
That he had so noble and just a Judge, this must
Imply a strange volubilitie in your tongue, or
Conscience, I speake not to discountenance any
Evidence for the King, but to put you in minde,
Mr. Advocate that you had then a better opinion
Of my Lord Chancellor.

Adv. Your Lordship hath most aptly interpos'd, and with a
word I shall easily satisfie all your judgements; He was then

The Admirall of France.

a Judge, and in *Cathedra*, in which he could not erre ; it may be your Lordships cases, out of the chaire and seate of Justice, he hath his frailties, is loosed and expos'd to the conditions of other humane natures ; so every Judge, your Lordships are not ignorant, hath a kinde of priviledge while he is in his state, office and being, and although hee may *quoad se*, internally and privately be guilty of bribery of Justice, yet *quoad nos*, and in publike he is an upright and innocent Judge, we are to take no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if wee should detect or staine him ; for in that we disparage the Office, which is the Kings, and may be our owne, but once remov'd from his place by just dishonour of the King, he is no more a Judge but a common person, whom the law takes hold on, and wee are then to forget what hee hath beene, and without partialitie to strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeit and corrupt Judge, as for example, hee may and ought to flourish in his greatnesse, and breake any mans necke, with as much facilitie as a jest, but the case being altered, and hee downe, every subject shall be heard, a Wolfe may be appareld in a Lamb-skinne ; and if every man should be afraid to speake truth, nay, and more than truth, if the good of the subject which are clients sometime require it, there would be no remove of Officers, if no remove no motions, if no motion in Court no heate, and by consequence but cold Termes ; take away this moving, this removing of Judges, the Law may bury it selfe in Buckram, and the kingdome suffer for want of a due execution ; and now I hope your Lordships are satisfied.

Tre. Most learnedly concluded to acquit your selfe.

1 Ind. Mr. Advocate, please you to urge for satisfaction Of the world, and clearing the Kings honour, how... Injustly he proceeded against the Admirall.

Adv. I shall obey your Lordship — So vast, so infinite hath beene the impudence of this Chancellor, not onely toward the subject, but even the sacred person of the King, that I tremble as with a Palsie to remember it. This man, or rather this monster, having power and commission trusted for the examination of the Lord Admirall, a man perfect in all honour and justice ; indeede the very ornament and second power,

flower of France, for the Flower de lis, is sacred and above all flowers, and indeede the best flower in our garden. Having used all wayes to circumvent his innocence by suborning and promising rewards to his betrayers, by compelling others by the cruelty of tortures, as namely Mounseur Allegre a most honest and faithfull servant to his Lord, tearing and extending his sinewes upon the racke to force a confession to his purpose, and finding nothing prevaile upon the invincible vertue of the Admirall.

Sec. How he would flatter him?

Adv. Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraigne him; to be short against all colour of Justice condemn'd him of high treasons; oh thinke what the life of man is, that can never be recompenced; but the life of a just man, a man that is the vigour and glory of our life and nation to be torne to death, and sacrificis'd beyond the malice of common persecution. What Tiger of Hercanian breed could have beeene so cruell? but this is not all? he was not guilty onely of murder, guilty I may say In foro conscientie, though our good Admirall was miraculously preserv'd, but unto this he added a most prodigious & fearefull rape, a rape even upon Justice it self, the very soule of our state; for the rest of the Judges upon the Bench, venerable images of Austria, he most tyranoously compel'd to set their hands to his most unjust sentence; did ever story remember the like outrage and injustice; what forfeit, what penalty can be enough to satisfie this transcendent offence? and yet my good Lords, this is but veniall to the sacrilege which now followes, and by him committed, not content with this sentence, not satisfied with horrid violence upon the sacred Tribunall, but hee proceeds and blasphemes the very name and honour of the King himselfe, observe that, making him the author and impulsive cause of all these rapines, justifying that he mov'd onely by his speciall command to the death, nay the murder of his most faishfull subject, translating all his owne blacke and damnable guilt upon the Kings heires, a traytor to his Country, first, he conspires the death of one whom the King loves, and whom every subject ought to honour, and then makes it no conscience to proclaime it the Kings act, & by consequence declares him a murderer.

The Admirall of France.

murderer of his owne, and of his best subiects.

Within An Advocate, an Advocate, teare him in peeces,
Teare the Chancellor in peeces. (justice)

Tre. The people have deepe sence of the Chancellors in-

Sec. We must be carefull to prevent their mutiny.

I Ind. It will become our wisedomes to secure the court
And prisoner.

Tre. Captaine of the guad.

2. What can you say for your selfe Lord Chancellor.

Cha. Againe, I confess all, and humbly fly to
The royll mercy of the King.

Tre. And this submission is the way to purchase it.

Cha. Heare me great Judges, if you have not lost
For my sake all your charities, I beseech you,

Let the King know my heart is full of penitence,
Calme his high-going sea, or in that tempest

I ruine to eternitie, oh my Lords,

Consider your owne places, and the helmes

You sit at, while with all your providence

You steere, looke forth and see devouring quicksands;

My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride

Of state, and grcatnesse falling into nothing,

I that had never time through vast employments

To thinke of heaven, feele his revengefull wrath,

Boylng my blood, and scorching up my entrills,

There doomesday is my conscience blacke and horrid,

For my abuse of Iustice, but no stings

Prickt with that terour as the wounds I made

Vpon the pious Admirall, some good man

Beare my repentance thither, he is mercifull,

And may encline the King to stay his lightning

Which threatens my confusion, that my free

Resigne of title, office, and what else

My pride look'd at, would buy my poore lives safety,

For ever banish me the court, and let

Me waste my life farre off in some Village.

Adv. How? Did your Lordships note his request to you,
he would direct your sentence to punish him with confining
him

The Admirall of France.

him to live in the country, like the Meuse in the Fable, that having offended to deserve death, beg'd he might be banished into a Parmisan. I hope your Lordships will be more just to the nature of his offences.

Sec. I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground
For his good parts.

Tre. My Lord, this is your sentence for you high misdemeanours against his Majesties Judges, for your unjust sentence of the most equal Lord Admirall, for many and foule corruptions and abuse of your office, and that infinite staine of the Kings person, and honour, we in his Majesties name, deprive you of your estate of Chancellor, & declare you uncapable of any judicall office, & besides condemne you in the sum of two hundred thousand crownes; whereof one hundred thousand to the King, and one hundred thousand to the Lord Admirall, and what remaineth of your estate to goe to the restitution of those you have injur'd, and to suffer perpetuall imprisonment in the Castle, so take him to your custody. Your Lordships have beene mercifull in his sentence.

Exit.

They have spar'd my life then, that some cure may bring,
I spend it in my prayers for the King.

Exeunt.

Enter Admirall in his Gowne and Cap, his Wife.

Adm. Allegre I am glad he hath so much strength,
I prethee let me see him.

Wif. It will but

Enlarge a passion —— my Lord hee'le come
Another time and tender you his service.

Adm. Nay then ——

Wif. Although I like it not, I must obey.

Enter Allegre supported.

Adm. Welcome my injur'd servant, what a misery
Ha they made on thee?

Al. Though some change appeare
Vpon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,
My hurt is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.

Adm. Alas poore man!

Were

The Admirall of France.

Were all my joyes essentiall, and so mighty
As the affected world beleeves I taste,
This object were enough to unsweeten all,
Though in thy absence I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vexe,
And fright thy nerves with horrour of thy sence,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More griefe than all my imagination
Could let before into me; didst not curse me
Vpon the torture?

Adm. Good my Lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
Your memory, they could not punish more
Then what my duty did oblige to beare
For you and Iustice, but theres something in
Your lookes, presents more feare than all the malicie
Of my tormentors could affect my soule with,
That palenesse, and the other formes you weare,
Would well become a guilty Admirall, and one
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man
Vpon whose life the fury of unjustice
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach, I was not rack'd till now,
Theres more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth, what accident sir can blast,
Can be so blacke and fatall to distract
The calme? the triumph that should sit upon
Your noble brow, misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
By the great arme of providence, nor can
Those garlands that now grow about your forehead
With all the poyon of the world be blasted.

Adm. Allegre, thou dost beare thy wounds upon thee,
In wide and spacious characters, but in
The volumic of my sadness thou dost want
An eye to reade an open force, hath borne
Thy manly sinewes which sometime may cure

The Admirall of France.

The engine is not scene that wounds thy Master,
Past all the remedy of art or time,
The flatteries of Court, of fame or honours,
Thus in the Sommer a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leavos
And blooming pride upon her makes a shew
Of Spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossome,
But not the Sunne with all her amorous smiles,
The dewes of mornings, or the teares of night,
Can roote her fibers in the earth agen,
Or make her bosome kinde, to growth and bearing,
But the tree withers, and those very beames
That once were naturall warmth to her soft verdure
Dry up her sap and shoote a feaver through
The barke and rinde, till she becomes a burthen
To that which gave her life : so *Chabot, Chabot.*

Al. Wonder in apprehension, I must
Suspect your health indeede.

Adm. No no, thou shanot
Be troubled, I but stirr'd thee with a morrall,
Thats empty containes nothing, I am well,
See I can walke poore man, thou hast not strength yet.

Al. What accident is ground of this distraction?

Enter Admirall.

Adm. Thou hast not heard yet whats become oth' Chancell-

Al. Not yet my Lord. (lor?)

Adm. Poore gentleman, when I thinkē
Vpon the King, I've balme enough to cure
A thousand wounds, have I not *Allegre*?
Was ever bountious mercy read in story,
Like his upon my life, condemn'd for sacrifice
By Law, and snatch'd out of the flame unlooked for,
And unpetitioned? but his justice then
That wod not spare whom his owne love made great,
But give me up to the most cruell test
Of Judges, for some boldnesse in defence
Of my owne merits, and my honest faith to him
Was rare, past example.

The Admirall of France.

Enter Father.

Fa. Sir, the King
Is comming hither.

Al. It will.

Become my duty sir to leavē you now.

Adm. Stay by all meanes *Allegre*, 't shall concerne you,
I me infinitely honor'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queene, Constable, and Wife.

King. Madam be comforted, Ile be his Phisitian.

Wif. Pray heaven you may.

King. No ceremoniall knees,
Give me thy heart, my deare, my honest *Chabot*,
And yet in vaine I chalenge that tis here
Already in my owne, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life, violence
Shall ravish it from my possession,
Not those distempers that infirme my blood
And spirits shall betray it to a feare,
When time and nature joyne to dispossesse
My body of a cold and languishing breath,
No stroake in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty, yet dissect me then,
And in my heart, the world shall read thee living,
And by the vertue of thy name write there,
That part of me shall never putrifie,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honour your poore servant sir,
My heart dispares so rich a monument;
But when it dies—

King. I woonot heare a sound
Of any thing that trenched upon death,
He speakes the funerall of my crowne that prophesies
So unkinde a fate, weeble live and die together,
And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto,
All loyall and just services I charge thee,
Preservē thy heart for me and thy reward,
Which now shall crowne thy merits.

Adm. I have found

The Admirall of France.

A glorious harvest in your favour sir,
And by this overflow of royalt grāce,
All my deserts are shadowes and flie from mēe,
I have not in the wealth of my desires,
Enough to pay you now, yet you encourage me
To make one suite.

King. So soone as nam'd possesse it.

Adm. You would be pleas'd take notice of this Gentleman;
A Secretary of mine.

Con. Mounseur *Allegre*,

He that was rack'd sir for your Admirall.

Adm. His limbs want strength to tender their full duty,
An honest man that suffers for my sake.

King. He shall be deare to us, for what has past sir
By the unjustice of our Chancellors power,
Weele study to recompence, ith' meane time that office
You exercis'd for *Chabot* we translate
To our selfe, you shall be our Secretary.

Al. This is

An honour above my weake desērt, and shall
Oblige the service of my life to satisfie it.

Adm. You are gracious, and in this act have put
All our complaints to silence, you *Allegre*,

Enter Tresuror, Secretary.

Cherish your health, and feeble limbs which cannot
Without much prejudice be thus employ'd;
All my best wishes with thee.

Al. All my prayērs
Are duties to your Lordship _____

Exit.

King. Tis too little,
Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting
Imprisonment purge his offences to
Our honest Admirall, had our person beene
Exempted from his malice, he did persecute
The life of *Chabot* with an equall wrath,
You should have powr'd death on his treacherous head,
I revoke all your sentences, and make
Him that was wrong'd full Master of his destiny,

The Admirall of France.

Be thou his judge.

Adm. O farre be such injustice,
I know his doome is heavie, and I begge
Where mercy may be let into his sentence
For my sake you would soften it, I have
Glory enough to be set right in yours,
And my deare countries thought, and by an act
With such apparent notice to the world.

King. Expresse it in some joy then.

Adm. I will strive
To shew that pious gratitude to you but —

King. But what

Adm. My frame hath lately sir beene tane a peeces,
A nd but now put together, the least force
Of mirth will shake and unjoyn all my reason,
Your patience royall sir.

King. He have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.

Adm. My strength wou'd flatter me.

King. Phisitians,
Now I begin to feare his apprehension,
Why how is Chahats spirit falne?

Qu. I were best
He were conveid to his bed.

Wif. How soone turn'd widdow.

Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodnes,
Stand from me, you betray me with your feares,
The plummets may fall off that hang upon
My heart, they were but thoughts at first, or if
They weigh me downe to death let not my eyes
Close with another object then the King,
Let him be last I looke on.

King. I would not have him lost for my whole Kingdome.

Con. He may recover sir.

King. I see it fall,
For Justice being the propre of every Kingdome
And mine broke, violating him that was
The knot and contract of it all in him,
It already falling in my eare,

The Admirall of France.

Pompey could heare it thunder, when the *Senate*
And *Capitoll* were deafe, so heavens loud chiding;
Ile have another sentence for my *Chancellor*,
Vnlesse my *Chabot* live,

In a Prince

What a swift executioner is a frownē,
Especially of great and noble soules;
How is it with my *Philip*?

Adm. I must begge.

One other boone.

King. Vpon condition

My *Chabot* will collect his scatter'd spirits,
And be himselfe agen, he shall divide
My Kingdome with me.

Fa. Sweete King.

Adm. I observe

A fierce and killng wrath engendred in you;
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
Forgive your *Chancellor*, let not the story
Of *Philip Chabot* read hereafter draw
A teare from any family, I beseech
Your royll mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seasure upon his state,
I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour

But thy owne health, and pronounce generall pardon
To all through *France*.

Adm. Sir I must kneele to thanke you,
It is not seal'd elite, your blest hand live happy,
May all you trust have no lesse faith then *Chabot*,
Oh.

Wif. His heart is broken.

Fa. And kneeling sir,
As his ambition were in death to shew
The truth of his obedience.

Con. I feard this issue.

Tre. Hees past hope.

King. He has a victory ins death, this world

The Admirall of France.

Deserv'd him not, how soone he was translated
To glorious eternitie, tis too late
To fright the ayre with words, my teares embalme him.

Wif. What can become of me?

Qu. Ile be your husband Madam, and with care
Supply your childrens father, to your father
Ile be a sonne, in what our love or power
Can serve his friends, *Chabot* shall nere be wanting,
The greatest losse is mine, past scale or recompence,
We will proceede no further gainst the Chancellor,
To the charitic of our Admirall he owes
His life which ever banish'd to a prison,
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject
New feares of his injustice, for his fortunes
Great and acquir'd corruptly, tis our will
They make just restitution for all wrongs
That shall within a yeare be prov'd against him ;
O *Chabot* that shall boast as many monuments
As there be hearts in *France*, which as they grow,
Shall with more love enshrine thee, Kings they say,
Die not, or starve succession, oh why
Should that stand firm, and Kings them selves despaire,
To finde their subject still in the next heire.

Exeunt.

F J N J S.













